





The Missile

JUNE 1912



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Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

--*Longfellow*

THE MISSILE

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Dreams



HO is there so practical and unimaginative that does not possess a castle in dream-land, in the land of the heart's desire? There is no man, however poor and humble in circumstances he may be, that cannot be rich in dreams and ideals. Dreams are nothing more than aspirations or ambitious hopes; they represent the human ideals, the loftiest aims. It is true that some people seem to have no ideals, no lofty ambitions, no dreams; but this only seems so, for it is an innate and inseparable characteristic of human nature to form and climb towards ideals.

There are, however, two kinds of dreamers; those that dream and make dreams their master and those that master their dreams. There are, also, different kinds of dreaming. We may build air-castles, which fade and are fanned away by the gentlest zephyrs; or we may build dream-castles which we behold in visioned splendor, awaiting our coming in the day when dreams come true. Real dream-castles do not fade and vanish with the drift of time; but they glow brighter and brighter as the years roll by, until we finally enter them or come so near to them that we enjoy the actual pleasures that they afford. In the happy visions of youth we first behold our dream-castle and again and again in after days we see it, now clearly and now dimly. While other things have come and gone, it abides. Amid the daily toil and struggle for existence, how many of those with tired hands and weary hearts long to enter their dream-castle and attain their longed-for success and happiness? And how often has the vision of their

castle renewed hope and supplied fresh courage to their fainting hearts?

“Your castle is of no value and use to you,” says the practical one; “for it lies only in the imagination and a world of realities intervenes. If it be the Mecca of your hopes, the goal for which you strive and which you can never reach, why do you waste time and effort in dreaming and striving to attain the impossible? Why long for that which has existence only in dreams?” Let us answer that the vision of the castle is but the picture of our desire, which by the very strength of its illusion inspires courage and leads on to brave and heroic effort to reach the wished-for goal; and though we may never enter the land of desire, the value of the struggle and effort in making us strong and hopeful is of more real worth to us than the realization of our dream might be. For, how often, when the goal is won, does all ambition die and all effort cease? If, however, through strength and power of mind and heart, we shall have attained to that type of character represented by the visioned castle, we shall have won a castle that will endure in changeless beauty and grandeur, when the castles built of stone and mortar will have fallen into decay and the wind shall moan along their deserted battlements and howl through their empty courts.

“ ‘Tis but a dream, ‘tis true,” yet, is it all a dream? Is it all a dream and but an “ignis fatuus” that leads on to ruin and despair? Have not some dreams come true and have not some visions become realities? Was Columbus’s dream of land beyond the western sea but a fancy of the imagination and a vision vain? Had he not seen its glorious realm by the eyes of the spirit, would he ever have beheld it with those of the flesh? Would the illustrious name of Jean of Arc still throw a halo of light upon the history of France, had not an ignorant, peasant girl obeyed the voices of her dreams? Would Patrick Henry, in the Hall of Debate in his trumpet call to arms, and Washington, with his deathless heroes amid the snows of Valley Forge or the ice-floes of the Delaware, have

seen the ball-torn flag wave at last over a free country, if they had not first beheld it in their spirits' visions? Had not Byron dreamed that "Greece might yet be free," would the flag of freedom have since waved in triumph over that "bright land of battle and of song?" Are not the huge battle-ships and the great ocean-liners but a realization in part of the dream of Watt and Fulton? And has not the iridescent dream of Edison dazzled the eyes of an astonished world by bursting into a blaze of myriad lights of every color?

Indeed, all dreams are not "vain and idle things," not elusive shadows that lead on to disappointment and despair. Some dreams, however, never become realities; yet whose fault is this—the dream's or the dreamer's? We would naturally answer that it is the fault of the dreamer. It may be that he gives us hope and loses courage in striving for his vision-pictured goal or that he cherishes an ideal which does not fit his nature and capabilities; for every man can not gain success in the same field and in the same manner. This failure to live out a vision is necessarily the dreamer's fault; it can not be the fault of the dream, for there is no dream too lofty to be realized, no aim too high to be reached. Yet, if anyone has dreamed and dreamed in vain, shall he give up all hope and ambition? No, indeed! An unrealized dream is like a beautiful, sun-lit cloud on the horizon; for, though we *may never* live out the noble dream and we *can never* climb this lofty mountain, life would be inexpressibly poorer if either we absent.

Every great work, every human achievement must be born of a great dream. The noblest and greatest deed was for a time a dream. Just as the mighty stream grows from tiny rivulets and as the oak sleeps in the acorn, so dreams are the seedlings of realities. Action is only thought moving in reality towards its dreamed-of end. All of the great composers, the great sculptors, the great painters, the great poets, the great discoverers, the great inventors, and the great re-

formers of the past have been dreamers. Copernicus fostered the vision of a multiplicity of worlds and a wider universe, and he revealed it. How many thousand people have been elevated and influenced by the reading of Milton's sublime and immortal "*Paradise Lost!*?" Milton was, truly, one of our greatest dreamers; and one of the most comprehensive and most fitting descriptions of his wonderful masterpiece is that of Lamartine: "Milton's '*Paradise Lost*' may well be described as the dream of a Puritan fallen asleep over his Bible." Humanity can not forget its dreamers; it can not let their ideals fade and die; it lives in them; it knows them as the realities which it shall one day see and know. These great dreamers make the world more beautiful because they have lived in it; they are the saviours of the world; without them "laboring humanity would perish."

In all human affairs there are efforts and there are results; and the strength of the effort is the measure of the result. We may dream great dreams, set lofty aims, form noble aspirations, look up to high ideals; but, unless we "screw our courage to the sticking place," we shall surely fail. To dream a great dream is not to become suddenly great and famous; but greatness and fame lie in the living out and the realization of this dream. Many thoughtless, ignorant, and indolent people, seeing only the apparent effects of things and not the things themselves, talk of luck, of fortune, and of chance. Such people do not see the trials and failures and struggles which these dreamers have voluntarily encountered in order to gain their ambitions; have no knowledge of the sacrifices they have made, of the undaunted efforts they have put forth, that they might overcome the apparently insurmountable and realize the vision of their heart. In fact, every dream has its price to pay; the vision must be fulfilled at a great cost. A dreamer, while living out his noble dream, is often rejected and scoffed at as a heretic, a crank, or a madman. Yet madmen rule the world; the heretic of one age is the trusted leader of another. One generation kills its prophet, the next

erects his monument. A few years or centuries, and the dreamer and his dream have become immortal!

Then, too, one's circumstances may be unpleasant and most uncongenial; but they shall not long remain so if you but perceive an ideal and strive to reach it. You cannot strive upwards and still remain below. For instance, take a youth, hard pressed by poverty and labor, confined long hours in an unhealthy factory, unschooled and unrefined. However, he dreams of higher things, he longs for intelligence and refinement. He conceives of and mentally builds up an ideal condition of life; the vision of a nobler and better life takes possession of him; unrest urges him to action, and he utilizes all his spare time and means to the development of his latent powers and resources. Very soon his mind becomes so altered that the factory can no longer hold him. Years later we see this youth as a full-grown man. We find him a master of certain forces of the mind which he wields with world-wide influence and almost unequaled power. He has become a great orator! He speaks and lo! lives are changed; men and women hang upon his words! He has realized the vision of his youth, he has lived out his dream.

And we, too, will realize the vision of our heart, be it base or beautiful; for one always gravitates towards that which one most cherishes and desires. Whatever our present circumstances may be, we shall fall, remain, or rise with our thoughts, our vision, our ideal. We shall become as small as our base desire or as great as our up-lifting aspiration. The dream that we picture in our mind, the ideal that we enthrone in our heart—this we will shape our life by, this we will become. "To desire is to obtain; to aspire is to achieve." Therefore, let us dream lofty dreams, let us cherish our noble visions. The vision is the promise of what we shall one day be; our ideal is the prophecy of what we shall at last unveil.

After all, dreams represent the best that is in us—our real selves. "The mystic thread of dreams, stronger than cords of steel, binds us to the eternal."

Cora Rolfe, '12.

Class Poem



R AISE on high to the past, the past;
 To the days that are no more;
 Quaff a toast to the bearded host
 That stands in Time's triple door!

Four times has the snow haired father
 Swung round his annual scythe,
 Since first we met, we fought and won—
 Together we have toiled beneath the sun,
 And now we part; one task is done;
 Our days at school are days gone by.

Sad is the Icarian fate of those
 Who soared too high and fell.
 Yet 'tis not ours—not theirs to weep;
 Lost laurels on the morrow they will reap—
 One failure means not eternal sleep,
 Nor death, nor heaven, nor hell.

All friends at times must part,
 Each for his destined goal;
 For the fiery glory of the setting sun,
 That shines on the past and the future begun,
 Calls to a work that's yet undone—
 The future doth everything hold.

Then drink to the days that have gone by,
 To the days that are no more;
 But cast your eye on the golden sky,
 That's in front of Time's triple door!

Chas. Edgar Gilliam, '12.

Class History



UCH of the early history of the class of 1912 is shrouded in Cimmerian darkness. Of the sixty or more pupils who entered the first grade of Anderson School in September, 1900, only four or five have safely withstood the dangers and hardships of the "sea of knowledge." The rule of our progress has surely been "the survival of the fittest." Year after year we have dropped a comrade here and picked up new ones here and there. Now, in June, 1912, we find ourselves a very select class of seventeen—not sixteen to one but seven to ten. The fact that, as a senior class, we have more boys than girls is quite remarkable and very unusual in the history of our school. We think, however, that the girls make up in quality for their lack in numbers.

As many of the various events of our early growth and progress have been long ago forgotten or are but dimly lodged in the "vale of memory," we shall not strive to recall them; but we shall endeavor to trace our more recent development—the history of our four years of High School life.

Immediately after we entered the High School at noon on September 15, 1908, our class, which was then quite large, was divided. This was the first great sorrow; but this sinks into insignificance when we see how we have been divided and subdivided by the long and short methods, till the remnant is almost an imaginary quantity. Then came the time for selecting a course of study. As "many men many minds," so in this selection various tastes were shown; as a result of which there are now in our class representatives of all four courses—collegiate, scientific, English, and commercial. Of course, everything was quite strange at first but we soon grew accustomed to our surroundings, even to the phenomenon of having a *man* for principal. This first year rolled swiftly by; and it was not until we made our first appearance on the stage at commencement that we fully realized that we poor "freshies" should one day be "dignified seniors."

On entering Miss Robertson's room at the beginning of the second year, our class was again united. One of the most important events of the first half of this year was beginning to ascend the "mountain of Geometry," which proved steep and rugged enough to the most of us. In fact, at times the passes were so dangerous that several of us would have fallen through had not our gentle shepherd, Mr. Wolff, borne us safely across by his thorough explanations and patient endurance. Under Mr. Wolff's guidance this journey finally became less difficult and at times even interesting and delightful. In fact, we crossed the "pons asinorum" without hearing a plank creak, and went in and out of the "Devil's coffin" in perfect safety. This same year we were placed under Miss Hobbs' whose "hobby" was spelling when it was not sentences. For the past three years Miss Hobbs has certainly given us big doses and sometimes overdoses of our "mother tongue."

Many and great were the changes in our school at the beginning of our third year. In the first place, the whole school, especially the female portion, was greatly distressed over the loss of Mr. Ellis and Mr. Hellweg. In their places came Miss Hunt and Mr. Lacy. At this time all of our class, except the commercials, had an opportunity of choosing between French and chemistry. All of the boys decided to take Chemistry from Mr. Lacy, while the girls began French under Miss Hunt. This was quite an event in our school life, but a more important one was to come the latter part of the term. Although we fully realized our great need of a better school building, yet, it was with some regret and a certain degree of sadness that we left our old school forever on April 13th, 1911.

This, our last High School year, has been a very busy and eventful one. One of the first things that we learned on our return last September was that Mr. Lacy had "flown to regions unknown," and that Miss Segar had come to take charge of the science department. On Friday, Sept. 22, 1911, our class was organized with the following officers:

Meade Brunet, president; Cora Rolfe, vice-president; Virginia Walke, secretary and treasurer. We had hardly gotten initiated into the intricacies of Carpenter's English Grammar when we were told to write and hand in an original story. In these stories much of the hidden genius of our class was brought to light. Never before were we aware of the fact that we had a Stockton, a Richard Harding Davis, and a Gallienne in our very midst. But in connections with these stories, remember, "Gentle Reader," that Mr. Munson *did not* write a *love* story. Just about this time Miss Rives had, on account of trouble with her eyes, to give up her work for several months. Mr. Sinton took charge of the Latin classes and held down the work very satisfactorily until Miss Rives's return in February. We all welcomed Miss Rives back in time to lead us in that "heel to heel" race with the Trojans and with the Aeneas to accompany us through the infernal kingdoms of Pluto.

With the incoming of the new year, the "Missile" was first launched on the "vast sea of literature." Our class feels a great pride in the success of this new school magazine, especially since it has furnished the editor-in-chief, an associate editor, the alumni editor, the business manager, and the editor of a "Few Pointers," who was also an associate business manager. All of these officers, especially the editor-in-chief, Mr. Edgar Gilliam, have worked faithfully and well. Indeed, no one can ever tell how much the "Missile" is indebted for its success to our great humorist, Mr. Townes, whose wit and humor easily make Bill Nye and Mr. Dooley blush.

Thus, to-day, the 12th of June 1912, brings to a close the history of our school life and finds us on the threshold of real life. May the association of our future days be as happy and pleasant as those of our school days have been. At any rate, as a good stimulus for making them so, let us carry as a motto in life our ever-inspiring class motto:

"Virtus in arduis."

Cora Rolfe.

Class Prophecy



THE shadows of evening were gently gathering as I sat in a secluded nook in historic Old Blandford Cemetery. I found a bench right up under the corner of the old church, where the trailing ivy runs from the side of the structure to the wall that adjoins the church.

'Twas at that hour of the day when the whip-poor-will and frogs begin their mournful sound that I had traced my steps thither, seeking in vain to picture to my mind the glorious future of seven lonely maidens and ten raw youths. Although surrounded by everything that was peaceful and quiet, and altogether conducive to vivid imaginings, I cudgled my brain to no purpose. Finally, almost in desperation, this plea burst involuntarily from my lips: "Oh shade, oh spirit of some departed seer, come to my assistance and unfold to me the decrees of that mysterious scroll."

No sooner had I uttered these words, when suddenly, from the dim shadows of the wall, a "ghostly" shade glided into my presence. My hair stood on end, my tongue clave to my mouth; when in soothing accents, it thus addressed me. "Be not dismayed, I am the spirit of a departed teacher. For many years I trod the halls of the old High School. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." My soul has been filled with righteous and mighty indignation at the impossible tasks the teachers have imposed upon the class of 1912. I have heard your plea for help; ask what you will, I will aid you."

Quickly putting aside all fright, I addressed it thus, in respectful and grateful terms: "Oh, gracious one, if thou wilt but relate to me the future of each of my classmates, my burden will be lifted. What knowest thou of the life of Mary Moylan Banks?"

"Mary Moylan Banks is intended for a teacher by her

father. With this end in view she will be sent off to some college. There, with her talent for music and her bright mind, she will make a brilliant record. Leaving college, she will spend a year abroad, putting the finishing touches to her studies. But, while abroad she will lead such a gay life all ideas of teaching will be abandoned. She will become a butterfly of fashion; her society will be sought by dukes, princes, counts and discounts; but a letter from home, written in the blood of a "Butcher," fills her with a longing for America, and forthwith she will set out for Petersburg. When she reaches the dead old town, she will look back on the year she spent abroad and the friends made there, and sadly exclaim,

"However much they long for me,
I only would a "Spooner" be."

"Alas! the sad, sad fate of my poor Mary Moylan. But come, oh shade, tell me the future of Lula Cameron Hack."

"Lula Cameron Hack, after leaving the High School, will take an additional course of study at The Smithdeal Business College. She will complete this course with such credit that a lucrative position will be offered her by a great railroad corporation, perhaps the A. C. L. She will accept this position and show such efficiency in her work that she will be promoted to the position of private secretary to the president of the corporation. Her salary will be increased so much that, after a few years, she will retire from business with a neat bank account. Her chief occupation and pastime will be fishing on the banks of the Appomattox for "Bass" and similar interesting 'catches.' "

Emboldened by so many interesting things about my classmates, I threw aside all fear and asked, "What is written concerning the life of Annie Lois Chappell?"

"Annie Lois Chappell, contrary to all previous indications, will turn out to be the most ardent suffragette of her age. She will gain such distinction and recognition by her

eloquent addresses before the public that she will be made president of the National Society for the Emancipation of Men from Politics. She will travel extensively through the whole country. Great ovations will be given her and beautiful receptions will be prepared in her honor. She will be a unique figure in the world of politics."

"*Mirabili dictu!*" said I, "surely if Annie Chappell is to have such a future, Pearl Estelle Mann has much in store for her."

"Pearl Estelle Mann will be the most popular elocutionist and impersonator of the twentieth century. She will graduate from a school of expression, and make her debut before the most cultured audience of her native State; namely, Petersburg. The melody of her tones, the impersonation of her selections, the pathos of her voice, will wring smiles, tears, and laughter from her audience and thrill them beyond the power of speech. Besides all this, she will be very accomplished in languages. She will speak French fluently, and so infatuated will she be with Latin, namely, 'Virgil,' she will naturally be led to the study of 'Horace.' Much of her time will be spent in the pursuit of him."

With great eagerness I questioned my gracious interpreter as to the future of Cora Martin Rolfe.

"Cora Martin Rolfe? Oh! She is a girl after mine own heart! Her future is as full of great success as her past has been. Her standing has been so high at the High School, she will win the prize essay, the medal, and the scholarship to R. M. W. C. She will assimilate all branches of knowledge taught there so thoroughly, that immediately upon graduating from that college, she will be honored with a position in the Petersburg High School, as the English teacher. In this capacity she will amass a vast amount of money; and, since she has an insatiable thirst for knowledge, she will go abroad for several years and study 'Frankish' lore. While there she will make her abode with Mademoiselle Emma

Hunt, who will be teaching the natives French in a large University in Paris."

"What cans't thou tell me of the life of Virginia Meade Walke?"

"Virginia Meade Walke will, of necessity, bea great musician. There's music in her soul, her eyes, her voice, her touch. 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.' Already she has conquered the heart of one young savage. Miss Walke will continue her study of music at the Boston Conservatory. Her talent will be developed wonderfully, and after a few years of study she will graduate with high honors. She will make a contract with a big musical company to play in six of our largest cities. Great success will attend her every where she goes. She will ome down South and favor the people of her native city with a recital. The charm of the small 'Townes' will win her heart so thoroughly that she will give up her promising career and play only for 'Townes.' "

"What of the life of Meade H. Brunet?"

"Meade H. Brunet will be a great financier. The lure of the almighty 'eagle' will impel him to accomplish great tasks in the commercial world. He may invent a grand scheme for obtaining a sinecure and still amass a comfortable fortune. He will not only exercise great influence in the business world, but he will be idolized by the feminine sex. Meade Brunet will be pursued by suffragettes and butterflies, until, in desperation, he will flee to the Fiji Islands and set up a 'Utopian' form of government."

"John Archer Chappell will be a philosopher. He will retire from the rush of the present century and take time to consider why German names begin with a capital; why the Boston Tea Party threw the tea overboard; why Petersburg hasn't and will not have, a crematory; and similar deep questions, which are troubling the people of the present age. His philosophy will be considered the best authority since the days of Plato."

“Harvey Paul Baxter will be a star baseball pitcher. His record in the world of baseball will be unsurpassed. Few hits will ever be snatched from a game he pitches. His fame will spread abroad, and he will be offered a position on the Chicago League. In view of the fact that he likes to travel, he will take a ‘Kruse’ to Chicago.”

“Oh shade, relate to me the future of Earl R. McKesson,” I gratefully asked.

“Earl R. McKesson will be a scientist. Although he was born and bred a farmer boy, and although he has shown his ability in the line of agriculture, nevertheless, his talent and genius in science and physics will assert itself so strongly that he will give up his farm and come and take charge of the department of science in the High School.”

“What knowest thou of the future of Nicholas Brezee Munson?”

“Nicholas Brezee Munson? Why, he is the most mysterious character in the whole class. Some parts of his life are entirely blank. What he will do in that time is uncertain. One peculiar thing about him is, that, at times, he has “weird seizures.” He loses sight of everything around him, fixes his eyes on the panel of a door, and dreams of blissful days, when he will go to Chicago and see Harvey Baxter pitch a game of baseball. He will certainly be a great man. His natural gifts fit him for that. His character will be blameless, except the fact the he has a certain inclination for “Bowles.”

“Charles Edgar Gilliam will be a great lawyer. He will graduate in law from the University of Virginia and migrate West. He will win widespread reputation in the wooly West for his original and clever interpretations of law. His genius will show itself more clearly in argumentation—“reductio ad absurdum.” Although a great lawyer he will not give up his literary tastes. He will write plays and novels, not for money, but for *pure* enjoyment.”

“James Herbert Tench will be a capitalist. He will go

about everything he does with such deliberation that success will attend him in the end. He will become wealthy and gain control of several large corporations. Men, far and wide, will want to consult him as to his business methods, but information will not be gained, for, in every thing, he will be the silent partner."

I was so overwhelmed by all that I had heard that for a moment I was silent, but my reverie was broken by the voice saying, "Is there not some one in your class named Paul?" "Oh, yes!" said I, "Paul Webb."

"Paul Edward Webb will take a college course after leaving the High School. He will make History and Civics a specialty. Thus, after labored preparations he will secure the chair of History in the S. F. College. His chief pastime will be taking a certain blonde to ball games and concerts."

"Is there not someone else in this illustrious class, fair maid, whose future you would know?"

I thought and thought, and, then, the form of Earnest Nelson Townes loomed up before me.

"As for Earnest Nelson Townes, he will be the wonder of his age. He will be what is called a versatile man. His abilities as a lawyer and general business man will not exceed his fame as a humorist. He will publish a book of quips and cranks and native wit, which will win him great popularity. Mr. Townes will be the general favorite among fun loving people. On urgent invitation he will give a series of lectures in New York. The lectures will be humorous in style, but the predominant theme will be 'Virginia,' her charms and cultured influence."

I was so overcome by all that had been imparted to me that I could not speak for a minute, but when I did, lo! the spirit had hied away to its confines and I was alone in Blandford Cemetery.

Lillie James.

THE TRADING POST—CONTINUED.

“Now, if you and the landlord agree, I will retire for the night.”

All of his former enemies at once shook hands with him, offering all apologies to him whom they were, a short time ago, preparing to throw out of the house.

One of the most interested persons in this story was “Old Tom.” He had thought that he knew this person. Often had he asked Walter about his parents and his native land, but the answer was always the same: “I have no parents, but I have lived in England.” When Tom questioned him of his life, he would ask him not to bother him with questions of such a nature as they only bored him and brought back foul memories. Therefore, Tom determined to find out about this young fellow to whom he was so greatly attached.

The next day was Saturday and all of the men worked hard because they liked to rest on Sunday. The stranger came downstairs early and went for a walk down by the river, which was only a few yards away. It was here that he met “Old Tom” just returning from his early morning trip to his traps. He had not made a bad catch, as indicated by the bloody furs stretched out on the bottom of the boat.

Tom, recognizing the stranger, told him about Walter and he was immediately engaged by the stranger as a helper. Together they walked back to the post to get breakfast and prepare for a trip down the river. After partaking of this meal, the two secured a supply of food and started on their trip. They were bound for Jamestown, a distance of fifty-five miles and, therefore, would have to make three or four stops for dinner and rest. They intended to take at least three days for hunting, as Walter had left for Jamestown on foot three days before and would not arrive there before them, as he was hunting also.

On the evening of the first day a large sand-bar was reached, and here they made their first camp. After pulling

the canoe out of the water, they began to prepare supper. Soon the odor of coffee and the smell of frying venison was in the air, both of which whetted their appetites. In a short time the meal was ready and the two ate heartily. After this they smoked their pipes, and, as they were worn out from their pull, soon retired, sleeping soundly under a large black-berry bush.

The next morning "Old Tom" hurried into the woods in order to look out for a squirrel for dinner. He had not been gone any time, however, before he came running back breathless. As he staggered into the camp, the stranger arose and caught him as he was falling from exhaustion.

"What's the trouble," he cried.

"Injuns! Coming up the river," he answered.

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? What of it? Good God, man, they mean to surprise the post and kill every human being there if something is not done to prevent it. Hurry up with that canoe and them supplies under the bushes so as to let the canoe be as light as possible."

The stranger did as he was told and in a short time they were in the boat and proceeding slowly up the river. "Pull for your life, now," said Tom. "Them Injuns ain't using but two paddles to a "bark," and have got ten men in each one. There is twenty-two of them crafts, too, two hundred and twenty Injuns. Must be Old Powhatan's crew. We can beat them easily at that rate. PULL."

So they put all of their strength in their strokes and in one hour they had landed at the Point. They at once grabbed the canoe and hurried with it to the house. Depositing it on the ground, they hurried into the inside. As they stumbled in, the few stragglers rushed to help them, scenting danger at once. Finally reaching chairs, they took a drink of whiskey for a "bracer" and at once told the story. In a short time everybody was in the post. Arms were distributed and they

made ready for the fight. The women and children loaded the guns and laid the ammunition at their sides in order to reload them after they were fired. Responding to a knock at the door, the landlord admitted Walter Walters, who had unexpectedly arrived back at the post. Finding everything quiet in the cabins, he, at once, came to the post and arrived there just as the cry arose, "Injuns, Injuns, here they are; now fight boys for your life and that of your wives and children."

All was bustle and confusion at once. As soon as the Indians came near the house, creeping along the ground like snakes, a terrific fire was poured into their ranks. They had not expected anything like this, and soon retired for a council of war, leaving forty dead and wounded on the ground. Soon, however, they returned, this time more cautiously, and again made an attack. Once more the death-dealing fire was given them; nevertheless, they rushed on. After a short time they retired again, having lost twenty additional men.

Then they made their third attack. Now they crept up with torches with which they meant to burn the occupants out of their refuge. Then the stone proved its worth; it could not be burned. So they retired again, much astonished, to debate on a further plan of battle. Then the final attack began. Up they rushed with a tree trunk, with which to batter the door in. After a very hard attack, the door yielded and the Indians rushed into the building and a hand-to-hand fight started. Every man had his hands full as the Indians still outnumbered them by a large majority. Tom and the stranger fought side by side, and if they had never killed Indians or anybody before, they certainly bade fair to make up for lost time now.

Finally, Tom noticed two large brawny chiefs bearing down upon Walter. Quickly rushing to his side, he noticed a third one ready to strike Walter from behind. He killed one with his hunting knife; another with his tomahawk. The third Indian raised his knife to strike him with it. It never

fell, for a shot rang out and the Indian, with one last convulsing gasp, began his journey to the "Happy Hunting Grounds." As this Indian fell, two others rushed up and resumed the fight. One rushed upon Walter from behind as he was fighting another in front. His stroke fell but not upon his intended victim. Tom had received the stroke between the shoulders and sank to the floor with a groan. Simultaneously a shot and a fall rang out upon the stone floor; Tom had been avenged and Walter had killed his foe. The three fell together, Walter from exhaustion.

After the fight was over and the wounded attended to, the stranger glanced up from "Old Tom's pale and fast-fading countenance, and met the eyes of—Walter. At once a strange light came into his eyes and his face became suddenly brighter. "My son!," he cried and clasped Walter in his arms. The echo came faintly in these words: "FATHER!"

Then the man turned to the people around him and said: "My friends, this is my son whom I told you of. Through the love of this man, pointing to Tom, he is permitted to live. My name is Sir Robert, of Hereford, or plain Robert Bollingbrook Wayne. To-morrow I shall leave for Jamestown from whence I shall sail immediately for England, accompanied by my son. There I hope to enjoy the few remaining years of my life." And so saying, he quickly pulled off his beard and also a wig, and there before the people stood a man with gray hair that shone like the sun reflecting on silver. The next day, after he had seen "Old Tom" buried, he hastened away by the coach that left before noon. Thus he escaped the sad spectacle of witnessing the burials of the others who had so nobly lost their lives.

Ten years later, in the month of June, when the grass was as green as ever, when the flowers were in full bloom, and the trees were putting on their spring garments, a man,

woman, and two children stood in the woods, opposite "Peter's Point," then called Petersburg, gazing at a little mound that rose up from the level slope. The man's head was uncovered and the lady went up to him, as she noticed the tears gathering in his eyes and his breast heave slightly.

"So this is the place, Walter?"

"Yes, Helen. This is the place where the dearest and noblest friend a man ever had lies. In order to let me live, he died."

"Thank God that your were permitted to live, live for me and our children," answered the woman, who was his wife.

As her eyes fell slowly, she noticed an inscription on the tombstone, or board, as it was.

"Erected in memory of Thomas Lawson,
By the people whose lives he saved."

Then as the twilight began to gather her dusky sheets about the distant woods, the man took out his knife and began cutting on the wood. After he had finished, he took his wife and children by the hands and silently uttered a prayer.

Then the wife looked at her husband's work. On the board were these words: "Greater love hath no man than this, than he lay down his life for his friend."

Willie Waymack, 13.

THE MISSILE

CHAS. EDGAR GILLIAM, *Editor in Chief*

CORA ROLFE, M. FRANCIS DREWRY, *Associate Editors*

ERNEST N. TOWNES, *Editor of "A Few Pointers"*

ROBERT G. BUTCHER, *Athletic Editor*

BEATRICE COLEMAN, *Exchange Editor*

VIRGINIA M. WALKE, *Alumni Editor.*

AGNES STRIBLING, *Head Reporter*

MEADE C. BRUNET, *Business Manager*

ERNEST N. TOWNES, *Circulation Manager*

FRANK BUCHANAN, { *Assistant Business Managers*
RUSSEL L. PERKINSON }

Address Correspondence to Petersburg High School.

Petersburg, Va.

Editorial

Now has come the time for parting. Now a change will come. What is most fitting to say at this moment is a puzzle to us? It is, indeed, a puzzle. There may be more than one answer to it, or, perhaps, some may claim there is but one and the solution they give may not agree with ours. However since it is our riddle and we are the main ones involved in it, we think we have a perfect right to form an answer suitable to us. Therefore, as we have planned from the beginning to have this number of "The Missile" a distinctive "Senior Class" one, and, also, because the literary and business departments will have changed hands by next session, we wish to say: "Farewell." "The Missile" has long since been launched upon its journey, and it seems to us that it has, in a very slight degree, reached its goal. If, perchance, it has not impressed you, we beg that no unjust criticism be given for our assuming that our magazine has been successful. For we are yet but young—but a closed bud that we hope will, sometime in the future, burst into a well developed blos-

som. These are but hopes. It is possible for the bud to be blighted.

It has been the desire and work of the Editors to make this paper represent the Petersburg High School, and at the same time to make it as much of a success as our limited talents could produce. The bow was drawn with this idea. Perhaps, "The Missile" fell short of the mark. If it has, it is due to inability on part of the "staff" and not on account of the want of honest effort on the part of all concerned. Here we think it but just to give our most sincere thanks to those who aided us in making our paper what it is. Among these are:

All who subscribed to "The Missile";

Each individual who contributed any written material of any nature whatever that has been published in this paper;

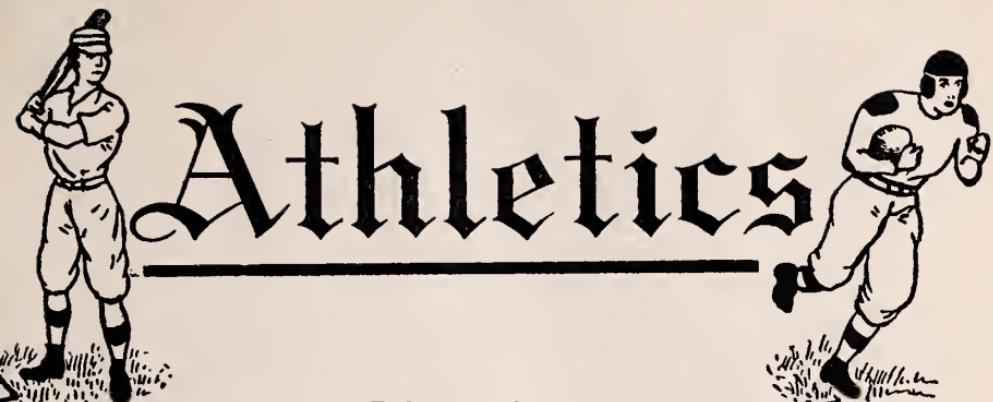
The firms, colleges, etc., that generously gave us ads.;

The magazines with which we have exchanged;

"The Richmond College Glee Club";

The teachers and scholars of the P. H. S., especially Mr. W. R. Smithey, Miss Segar and Miss Hobbs; and,

Anyone who has directly or indirectly said a good word for us. With thanks to the above-mentioned we, the present staff of "The Missile," take our leave, hoping that our paper has been successful and that it may flourish under new management.



Athletics

Robert Butcher

Spring has gone, and with it has gone baseball, as far as the Petersburg High School is concerned. The Petersburg High School Base Ball Team, on May 7, played with Emporia High School the closing game of a very successful season. Out of nine games played, the High School lost only two, one to St. Benedictine College, by the score of 7 to 6, and the other to Emporia High School, by the score of 2 to 1. To over-balance the defeat administered to us by Emporia High School however, we defeated them in Emporia by the enormous score of 14 to 5, and to counteract the effects of the other defeat, we played St. Benedictine College a twelve inning game, in which neither side could obtain the lead over the other, so the game was at last called on account of darkness.

The team turned out by the Petersburg High School this season was an exceedingly good one. "Rookie" Spooner was indeed an addition to the team. Both he and Baxter pitched consistent ball throughout the entire season, both fielded their positions well, and batted at a very lively clip. When these two men leave school this year, next season's team will have lost two excellent players, whose places it will be very difficult to fill. Elliott and Perkinson did the receiving this season for the P. H. S. Both of these men played their position well and both batted very well too. Perkinson is not very "old at the job," but he has developed into a good,

steady, heady catcher. Kinsey held down the initial sack very ably. He fields his position well, is very quick, and is a good base-runner. He will be missed a good deal next season. Barksdale played a good game at second and will be very valuable next year if he returns as is expected. Captain Pollard at short has put up a good game at short during the season, with the exception of one game; but everybody has their off day. At third, Andrews' left wing was entirely too unruly, and often sent the ball soaring above Kinsey's head, but otherwise his playing was very good. "Deacon" Potts in the center garden was the "real candy." His fielding was wellnigh perfect, and his stick work was magnificent. We will be very valuable to next season's team. Right field was covered by "Tody" Pillow. Pillow was about the steadiest and most consistent player on the team. He can fill any position on the team well, except the mound. Next year's team will lose another valuable man in Pillow.

The scores of the games played are as follows:

Emporia High School, 5; Petersburg High School, 14.

St. Benedictine College, 7; Petersburg High School, 6.

Richmond Acadmey, 2; Petersburg High School, 3.

Chester High School, 0; Petersburg High School, 1.

John Marshall High School, 3; Petersburg High School, 5.

Chester High School, 2; Petersburg High School, 14.

Farmville High School, 12; Petersburg High School, 15.

Farmville High School, 1; Petersburg High School, 4.

St. Benedictine College, 6; Petersburg High School, 6, (12 innings).

Emporia High School, 2; Petersburg High School, 1.

In viewing this school term from an athletic standpoint, it has been a decided success. First came the undefeated football team, then the relay team that defeated the Richmond Academy and McGuire's, and last, but not least, the successful baseball team which has been named. Let us all rejoice over the victories of the past term, and hope for even greater success next year.

Exchange Department

BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, *Editor*

The Southern Collegian—The essay contained in the April number is very commendable. Your departments are well written and interesting. Don't you think a few cuts would be an improvement to your magazine? Where in the world are the joke department and school notes? Are your students so wrapped up in their studies that they have overlooked one of the most pleasant features of a magazine?

The Onas.—The story "Making Good," is cleverly written. Your school notes are delightfully refreshing. The Domestic Science Department reflects much credit upon the editor.

The Review.—We are glad to exchange with so attractive a magazine. Your departments are excellent.

The Iris.—The May number as a whole is excellent. We would advise the girls to read "What a Girl Can Get Out of College." It would be well worth their attention. "Does Shakespeare Justify the Actions of Shylock," an argument, was certainly entitled to the merit it received. We are sure that all the girls found "Recess" very realistic.

We acknowledge and commend the following magazines: "The Monthly Chronicle," "The Radiograph," "The Virginian," "The John Marshall Record," "The Critic."

Alumni

VIRGINIA MEADE WALKE

Mr. Graham McManaway, an old P. H. S. boy, has been awarded the "magazine," medal at Richmond College. This medal is given for the best article contributed to the college magazine, "The Messenger," during the school term. In their decision, we understand that the judges were unanimous in awarding it to Mr. McManaway.

Miss Lucile Well, '10, is filling a position in the law offices of Mr. Charles Plummer, in this city.

Miss Clara Lockett, one of our graduates, has been teacher of English in the High School at Oaklever, Va.

Mr. James Routh is a graduate that old P. H. S. notes with pride. His contributions to literature have given him an enviable position in the educational world.

Reports from the various normal schools in the State say that the P. H. S. girls are doing excellent work.

Mr. Williard Cook, '92, is a successful business man in the far West.

Miss May Tinsley, a former pupil of this school, has been a teacher in Dinwiddie the past term.

School Notes

“Every dog has his day.” The IVB class are certainly in prominence now, but just wait, the “class of 1912½” will soon have its chance.

The pupils of IA are sorry that their classmate, Mr. Gibson, cannot summon the courage to face the examinations and, accordingly, has stopped school for the session.

Miss R.—: Who circumnavigated the globe in 1519?
Mr. D.—: The king of England.

We, the pupils of the IIIB wish to congratulate Miss Agness Stribling and Mr. Frank Scott on account of their exemption on all examinations.

The question, “What is Monasticism?”, being asked on the past History of the IB1 class, one of the answers received was, “When people go off and live in inclusion.”

The pupils of IIB are very sorry that they shall lose two of their classmates, Mr. Sutton and Mr. Robinson. The former expects to study electrical engineering at V. P. I., and the latter intends to study dentistry at the Richmond Medical College. We wish success to each of them.

Mr. W.— (in IVA Geometry class): “Now please find the surface area of a ball with a diameter of four feet.”

Miss F.—: “What shape is it.”

Mr. W.—: “Why, er, Miss, it is—I’ll show you.” Whereupon he held up a plain, wooden ball.

The pupils of IA are very glad that Miss Ruth Roper has returned to school after a sickness of several days.

Miss H.—: "Mr. Scott, give me Anthony's funeral oration."

Mr. S.—: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your feet!"

Miss Carolyn Smith of the IIA Grade, after an illness of several days, has returned to her studies.

Miss H.— asked several pupils of the IVA English whom did they consider the heroine of "Henry Esmond." The class was undecided whether this honor belonged to Beatrix or Lady Castlewood. Finally the question, "Whom do you consider the heroine," was put to Mr. Andrews (who apparently had been dreaming). Doubtfully, Mr. Andrews replied—"Why, er, I think Henry Esmond was."

It is with sincere regret that we give up Miss Hobbs from the High School. The good that she has done is inestimable, and her resignation means a great loss to the school. May success and prosperity attend her in the new field of work upon which she will enter.

A young lady of the IB1 being asked to translate a passage in Latin said, "Gains Dubuis invented—No COPY."

Mr. Roslyn Young and Mr. John Morrison are very desirous of securing a janitor to clean their desk each day. It needs it badly.

Mr. Buchanan of IVA English handed in a love letter recently. It was a really true love letter, written without the aid of a "Letter Writer." It has been suggested that this letter be turned over to the Editor of a "Few Pointers." Those who have read the letter have certainly found many "points" in it.

After four years of hard work, intermingled with pleasure, the IVB graduates pass out of the High School. Although "parting is sweet sorrow," we look forward with pleasure to the various pursuits in which we will be engaged.

It has been suggested that the IVA's debate upon the following: "Resolved: If Miss Hobbs lived with Russell Perkinson, would she make him President of the United States or Ty Cobb?"

Mr. Orr, of IB1, being asked to classify a certain word in Latin, replied, "I don't know what it is, but it is something."

We rejoice that the time is fast approaching when we will bid farewell to all the cares and burdens of school for a time. We hope to return with renewed vigor and ambition in the fall, after a well earned vacation. However, for the present—"Here's hoping a very pleasant vacation to the faculty and students of the High School!"

Lately, when a pupil of one of the history classes was asked how William III died, having already learned that three of the Williams died by accident, and two were killed by horses, replied that, "His horse stumped his toe."

The absence of Mr. Raleigh Jones is very much regretted by his classmates. He was a very good scholar and we hope he will be a success in the business world.

The concert given at D. M. Brown School on the evening of May the seventh, by the Richmond College Glee Club, for the benefit of this magazine, was a decided success from both a financial and musical point of view. "The Missile" is twenty dollars better off than it was.

Announcements

PUPILS EXCUSED ON ALL EXAMINATIONS.

The following pupils were excused from written examinations on all of their subjects by virtue of excellence in scholarship, deportment, and attendance for the term ending June 7:

Miss Liliam Powers, Miss Agnes Stribling, Mr. Frank Scott, Miss M. Francis Drewry, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Mr. Richard Gilliam, Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple.

PUPILS EXCUSED IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

(In all classes except the graduating class—1VB,—pupils who attain a general average of 90 per cent. on a subject shall be excused from a written examination on that subject, provided such pupils have not been absent more than twenty days, nor tardy more than five times, and have not more than one demerit at end of term).

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

IVA—Miss Lila Gerow, Miss Lillian Powers.

IIIB—Miss Estelle Gates, Miss Agnes Stribling, Mr. Frank Scott.

IIB—Miss Otelia Cook, Miss M. Francis Drewry, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Miss Anne Riddle.

IB—Mr. Richard Gilliam, Miss Anna Dinwiddie, Miss Florence Lane, Miss Annie Perkinson, Miss Florence Stratton, Miss Lucy Wood, Miss Lila Archer, Miss Katherine Weeks, Miss Gertie Steger, Miss Marion Ramsey, Miss Mabel Hatchet, Miss Florence Clements.

IA—Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple, Miss Katherine Blake, Miss Mary Anderson Gilliam, Miss Etta Turner.

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT.

IVA—Solid Geometry—Miss Lula Field.

IIIB—Geometry—Mr. Bernard Potts, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Charles Stribling, Mr. Thompson Wyatt, Miss Agnes Stribling, Miss Nellie Hood.

IIIB—Algebra—Mr. Frederick Ribble, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Gustav Svetlik, Mr. Thompson Wyatt, Miss Eleanor Dillon, Miss Agnes Stribling.

IIIA—Geometry—Mr. Wallace Bowman, Mr. Pretlow Riddick, Miss Elizabeth Drewry, Miss Julia Meade Patterson.

IIIA—Algebra—Mr. Kevan Booth, Mr. Wallace Bowman, Mr. Pretlow Riddick, Miss Eva Dillard, Miss Elizabeth Drewry, Miss Irene Gilliam, Miss Julia Meade Patterson.

IIB—Geometry—Mr. Reuben Alley, Mr. Guy Jones, Mr. John Morrison, Mr. Granville Sutton, Miss Helen Bowman, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Miss Leon Vaughan.

IIB—Algebra—Mr. Reuben Alley, Mr. Lloyd Goulder, Mr. Granville Sutton, Miss Sallie Cole, Miss Louise Grigg, Miss Louise Hines, Miss Ann Riddle, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Miss Leon Vaughan, Miss Sadie Walke.

IIA—Geometry—Mr. Harvey Booth, Miss Lena Donnan, Miss Rhea McKesson.

IIA—Algebra—Mr. Harvey Booth, Mr. Charles Camp, Mr. Robert Stevens, Mr. Charles Walhall, Miss Elizabeth Bragg, Miss Lena Donnan, Miss Louise Steere.

1B—Algebra—Mr. Sam Barksdale, Mr. Richard Gilliam, Miss Catherine Evans, Miss Florence Lane.

1B—Arithmetic—Mr. Sam Elliott, Mr. Floyd Fowlkes, Mr. Richard Gilliam, Mr. Randlett Jones, Miss Lottie Cox, Miss Annie Dinwiddie, Miss Florence Stratton, Miss Lucy Wood.

1A—Algebra—Mr. Edward Hogwood, Mr. Irving Bowman, Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple, Miss Lula Brown.

1A—Arithmetic—Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple, Miss Lula Brown.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

1VA—Mr. Harry Pillow, Miss Lila Gerow, Miss Lilian Powers, Miss Helen Thomas.

IIIB—Miss Estelle Gates, Miss Mary Hall, Miss Madeline Le-Moine.

IIIA—Miss Clara Jackson.

IIB—Mr. Reuben Alley, Miss Otelia Cooke, Miss M. Francis Drewry, Miss Virginia Ridenour.

IIA—Mr. Taylor Jolliff.

IB—

IA—Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple, Miss Eliza Epperson, Miss Mary Anderson Gilliam, Miss Helen Russell.

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

IIIB—Chemistry—Mr. Gustav Svetlik, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Thompson Wyatt, Mr. Thomas Wells, Mr. Leslie Wingo, Miss Elenor Dillon, Miss Agnes Stribling.

IIIA—Chemistry—Miss Otelia Wachsman, Mr. Charles Giliam.

IIB—Botany—Miss Ruth Allgood, Miss Helen Bowman, Miss Otelia Cook, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Miss Rosa Webb, Miss M. Francis Drewry, Miss Leon Vaughan, Mr. Reuben Alley, Mr. Guy Jones, Mr. Frank Strailman.

11A—Botany—Miss Elizabeth Bragg, Miss Lena May Donnon, Miss Mary McCaleb, Miss Annette Smith.

IB—Phys. Geog.—Miss Dena Brown, Miss Lottie Cox, Miss Dorothy Spooner, Miss Florence Stratton, Mr. Sam Elliott, Mr. Richard Gilliam, Mr. Richard Mayer, Mr. Richard Patterson.

1A—Phys. Geog.—Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple, Miss Mary Anderson Gilliam.

IB—Com. Geog.—Miss Florence Clements, Miss Katherine Evans, Miss Marion Ramsay.

IA—Com. Geog.—Miss Sadie Friedenberg, Miss Bessie Pogram.

LATIN DEPARTMENT.

IIIB—Mr. Frederick Ribble, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Gustav Svetlik, Mr. Thompson Wyatt, Miss Bessie Callender, Miss Elenor Dillon, Miss Sallie D. Hays, Miss Nellie Hood, Miss Agness Stribling.

IIB—Latin—Mr. Guy Jones, Mr. Roslyn Young, Miss Mary Austin, Miss Helen Bowman, Miss Otelia Cooke, Miss Helen Couch, Miss M. Francis Drewry, Miss Louise Grigg, Miss Louise Hines, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Miss Mary Sutherland, Miss Sadie Walke, Miss Rosa Webb, Miss Julia M. Patterson.

IIA—Latin—Mr. Charles Camp.

1B—Latin—Mr. Richard Gilliam, Miss Florence Clements, Miss Lottie Cox, Miss Annie Dinwiddie, Miss Florence Lane, Miss Marian Ramsey, Miss Gertie Steger.

IA—Latin—Mr. Willis Hays, Mr. Willard Kidd, Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple, Miss Katherine Blake, Miss Alise Clay, Miss Eliza Epperson, Miss Mary Anderson Gilliam, Miss Etta Turner, Miss May Young.

FRENCH AND GERMAN DEPARTMENT.

IVA—French—Miss Helen Allgood, Miss Lila Gerow, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Elizabeth Williams.

IVA—German—Miss Helen Allgood. Miss

Lila Gerow, Miss Lilian Powers, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Elizabeth Williams.

IIIB—French—Mr. Charles Stribling, Miss Mary Hall, Miss Sallie D. Hays, Miss Nellie Hood, Miss Myra Kruse, Miss Carrie Lanier, Miss Agness Stribling.

IIIB—German—Mr. Bernard Potts, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Thompson Wyatt, Miss Elinor Dillon, Miss Estelle Gates, Miss Mary Hall, Miss Sallie D. Hays, Miss Nellie Hood, Miss Myra Kruse, Miss Carrie Lanier, Miss Ruth Allgood.

IIIA—French—Miss Clara Jackson.

IIIA—German—Mr. Kevan Booth, Mr. Wallace Bowman, Mr. Charles Gilliam, Miss Lucile Daniel, Miss Elizabeth Drewry, Miss Irene Gilliam, Miss Clara Jackson, Miss Helen McCaleb, Miss Lucia Neaves, Miss Julia Meade Patterson, Miss Otelia Wachsman.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

No pupils are excused in Phonography, Typewriting, and Bookkeeping.

DRAWING DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Frank Strailman, Mr. Granville Sutton, Mr. Richard Gilliam, Mr. Powie Wingfield, Miss Ruth Allgood, Miss Myrtle Benson, Miss Sallie Cole Miss Mabel Peterson, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Miss Florence Stratton, Miss Bedie Dinwidie, Miss Mary McCaleb.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Roll of Honor for the Petersburg High School for the school month ending May 24, is as follows:

IVB—Miss Lula Hack, Miss Cora Rolfe, Miss Virginia Walke.

IVA—Mr. Harry Pillow, Miss Lila Gerow, Miss Lilian Powers.

IIIB—Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Gustav Svetlik, Mr. Thompson Wyatt, Miss Eleanor Dillon, Miss Estelle Gates, Miss Sallie D. Hays.

IIIA—Mr. Wallace Bowman, Miss Elizabeth Drewry, Miss Otelia Wacksman.

IIB—Miss M. Francis Drewry, Miss Otelia Cooke, Miss Virginia Ridenour, Mr. Guy Jones.

IB—Mr. Richard Gilliam, Miss Florence Stratton, Miss Lottie Cox.

IA—Mr. William Nufer, Mr. Wade Temple.

GRADUATES.

The following pupils having completed the Course of Study as prescribed by the School Board of this city were declared graduates of the Petersburg High School and were awarded their diplomas at the Academy of Music on the night of June 7:

Mary Moylan Banks, Annie Lois Chappell, Lula Cameron Hack, Pearle Estelle Mann, Cora Martin Rolfe, Virginia Meade Walke, Meade Cook Brunet, John Archer Chappell, Charles Edgar Gilliam, Earle R. McKesson, Nicholas Brezee Munson, James Herbert Tench, Ernest Nelson Townes, Paul Edward Webb.

Miss Lillie James, whose name appears in the "Class Roll," having completed the courses in Latin, French, German, English, and History, was given a certificate of proficiency to that effect. Unavoidable circumstances prevented Miss James's taking the Mathematical Course and, although she cannot be considered a full graduate, she can have the satisfaction of knowing what she has done has been well done.

ALITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING

$$\begin{aligned} 5 - 3 &= 1 \\ 5 \times 3 &= 14 \end{aligned}$$



A Few Pointers

EN

ROOTERS NEEDED.

"Well," exclaimed Smith, "we have now gotten electric baseball."

"And the only thing we need now is some electric fans," added Jones.

TEDDY'S REASON.

Not that I love Taft less, but I love notoriety more.

THERE AS USUAL.

Binks: Are your relations with your wife all right?

Jinks (sarcastically): Our relations are all right and as usual they are with my wife.

DANGEROUS REGION.

Father: I heard that Mr. Brown had a cancer a short time after he had returned from South America.

Willie: Gee, Pa, I bet he was on the Tropic of Cancer.

FOR CHARLESTOWN.

WANTED.—A Custom Inspector.

THE SIMILARITY.

A woman and a goat are alike in that both are always chewing the rag.

IF THEY ARE NEAR RENO.

Smith: Your friend Jones has brought an aeroplane to go on his honeymoon.

Brown: He had better look out or he will fall out with his wife.

APPROPRIATE NAME.

“Well, Jimpson,” remarked Jackson, “I ain going to get up a magazine on electricity.”

“What are you going to call it?” inquired Jimpson.

“Current Literature,” replied Jackson.

TWICE TOLD TALES.

UNPALATABLE.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon’s keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

“Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn’t eat Daniel?”

“No, sir. Why was it?”

“Because the most of him was backbone, and the rest was grit.”—Ex.

War furnishes a splendid opportunity for the brave to make money for patriots.—Ex.

ECONOMY.

It was a a reception and the lady who had been reading up on health culture, mistook Lawyer Williams for his brother, the doctor.

“Is it better,” she asked confidentially, “to lie on the right side or the left?”

“Madame,” replied the lawyer, “if one is on the right side it often isn’t necessary to lie at all.”—Ex:

THE OBVIOUS REPLY,

“Pa,” inquired William, “what is a burlesque?”

“A burlesque, son,” replied the father, “is a take-off.”

“Take off what?”

“Henry,” interrupted the mother, who had been listening to the conversation, “if you are going to answer that question, I will leave the room.”—Ex.

LOGIC.

Here is a pretty quibble from the new edition of “Logic for the Million,” which Sharper Knowlson has prepared:

David said in his wrath, “All men are liars.”

Therefore, David was a liar.

Therefore, what David said was not true.

Therefore, David was not a liar.

But if David was not a liar, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars.—Ex.

TIME TO GO.

“Pa, is a vessel a boat?”

“Er—yes—you may call it that.”

“Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?”

“It’s a life-boat. Nor run away to bed.”—Ex.

THEN HE GOT HIS.

She: I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living.

He (absent-mindedly): Yes, my lamb.—Ex.

Miss Kay: I am told your husband, under the influence of the wine at dinner the other evening, declared he had “married beauty and brains.”

Mrs. Bee: Well, well, how nice!

Miss Kay: Nice? Aren’t you going to investigate? Evidently he’s a bigamist.—Boston Globe.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

His wife (who was unable to attend): “Did the congregation agree to your utterances on the criminal rich?”

New clergyman (proudly): “I am sure they did. They were all nodding.”

♦ ♦ ADVERTISEMENTS ♦ ♦

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Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry

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The only lens grinding and
up-to-date Optical Establish-
ment in the city. Broken
lens matched on short notice

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Don't wait—no necessity for delay. The Homefurnishings you'll want—at prices you'll gladly pay—upon the most reasonable terms—are waiting to make your home a reality.

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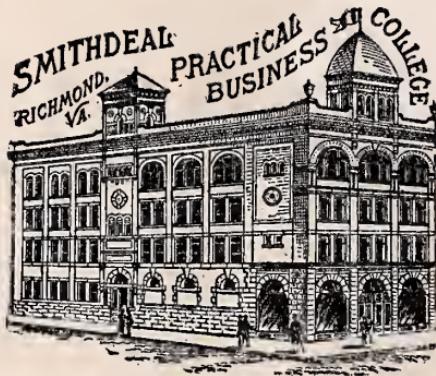
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